



THE FARMERS TALK TO FARMERS

IF IN CANADA, WHY NOT IN THE U. S. A. ?

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)

"Fort William?"—Don't know where it is? Well, well, Give you another try.

"Fort William, Ont."—Now do you know? No, young fellow fresh from your school geography class, I'm not talking to you. I'm asking your dad and your uncle who haven't seen a "Joggerphor book" since they were knee-high to grasshoppers. I'm asking them in order to find out if they are as disastrously ignorant as I own up to I was.

For, when my attention was attracted by the date line of a recent dispatch in a western paper sent from Fort William, I am forced to admit that I had about as much idea of its whereabouts as I have of the site of Norembega or the exact boundaries of the Garden of Eden. I had a really rather dusty hunt for an old fellow, looking it up, too. The only atlas at my hand is a rather small one. And it's much like hunting for the well-known needle in the haystack to hunt for a name imperfectly printed in the smallest type amid the mountains of which map-makers insist on disfiguring their maps with. Especially when it's among a thousand other similarly printed names bunched over a territory a thousand miles long and so sprawling that it has to be mapped in two sections. Why, I felt for a while like a lost traveler in the desert of Sahara. Even the points of the compass soon grew uncertain, for some of the names were printed from north to south, and some from east to west, and some cross-wise, and some on their backs. I had to keep twisting the map around, sideways and cornerways and upside down and then focus a magnifying glass on the names before I could make them out.

So I went, while-whishing across that map from Gilegany to Thunder Bay and back again. I made the journey by map—several times before I finally got my eagle-eye which isn't any where near as eagle-eye now as it was fifty or sixty years ago. On "Fort William," tucked into the north edge of Lake Superior, on the Canadian side, of

course, and well to the northeastward of Duluth.

The thing that made me want to know just where Fort William was was the information contained in the following dispatch, dated Nov. 10, 1922:

"The greatest grain armada that ever put to sea from Fort William, Ont., set sail a few days ago for eastern ports. Fifty great vessels, each carrying a load of staggering size, slipped away in a single day and a tally of their 'takers' shows close to 10,000,000 bushels of grain, most of it wheat.

"Carriers with about 200,000 bushels in their holds, which would have caused special attention 10 years ago, were hardly noticed in the list of the big fellows that stowed away 200,000 and in some cases 400,000 bushels at a time.

"So quickly are the ships cleared that the nightly lists of departures often show ships clearing that are not recorded in the arrivals column. The closest kind of watch is kept on them, and on the elevators to see that not a minute is lost in the process of reloading and sailing away again."

Think of it: fifty great vessels sailing with ten million bushels of wheat in a single day from a port I've never even heard the name of. "How kin yo be so ignorant?" asks Desperate Ambrose, Alkali Ike in the Sunday paper's comic section.

I'm not so ignorant, now, as I was a week ago. I know where Fort William, Ont. is. On the map it looks about as important as Trading Cove. But a port which can ship ten million bushels of wheat on fifty vessels in a single day has the right to claim bigger letters on the next map printed.

As I sat back in my easy chair, recovering from the exhaustion attending my map hunt, another thought slowly filtered its way into my alleged mind. Fort William is in Canada. It seems to be about the nearest Canadian port on Lake Superior to the grain fields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. And it is shipping wheat, millions of bushels a day. Only the other day Senator Lusk of North Dakota reported that thousands of bushels of wheat were rotting on the fields of that state because the farmers couldn't get it moved to market. They had grown it and reaped it and threshed it. Then they came up against a stump and could go no further. The railroads simply couldn't haul it away for them. North Dakota is in the United States. Fort William, as has been several times said, is in Canada.

Fort William isn't in a wheat-growing section. It draws its huge grain shipments from other Canadian provinces farther west and north. The grain has to be hauled from those remote wheat-growing provinces by rail before it can be dumped on the vessels at Fort William.

Yet the Canadian railroads seem to be doing it, not occasionally and desultorily but regularly and by the tens of millions of bushels. While the United States railroads, down North Dakota way, can't or won't haul the wheat which the farmers are vainly begging them to take to market.

Why this difference? This country is supposed to be richer than Canada. It is supposed to have more railroads, more cars, more engines. It has not, however, been disposed to take any back seat in the matter of railroad enterprise or railroad management. It would hardly be a popular thing for one to say, even now, that Canadian railroad management was any more brainy or resourceful or public-spirited than ours. The man who insisted that a thing would bring horns busting into his hair very quickly.

But the fact remains that Canadian railroads and Canadian vessels are moving Canadian wheat with speed, precision and in vast quantities, while wheat just over the border in the United States is rotting on the ground.

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condition which confronted us. Here, in this wheat-raising state, seems to be a condition: a concrete fact, much more substantial and much more important than any theory.

Canadian farmers get their wheat moved—in million bushels a day, in an emergency. North Dakota farmers see their wheat rotting on the fields if they're not moved, and their hopes of income enough to pay interest and taxes vanishing in thin air.

There must be a reason for the difference. Some weeks ago, commenting on the extent and effects of government interference with railroad management in this country, The Toledo, O. Blade remarked that government control of industry in this country hasn't been very wisely exercised the last eight or ten years.

"For," said The Blade, "it has gone very largely out of the hands of broad-minded men into the power of fussy-minded bureaucrats. These bureaucrats are far less troubled over the efficient running of the railroads, for example, and the continued development of transportation than they are about the reports dealing with minutiae, the filling out of forms, the obedience to rules that play no vital part in the business of the railroads, and getting passengers to their destinations. They have reduced capable executives to drudging clerks. They have bound their feet-tape over industry so that it is hampered in obtaining new capital, forced to forego enterprise and frequently reduced to despair through the pigness of the Washington bureaucracy."

I don't know whether you who read this are radical or conservative, liberal or democrat, "wet" or "dry," tall or short, fat or skinny. Nor do I care. You're an American, loving your country, desiring its continued welfare. You don't want to see Mexico or Egypt or even Canada cutting in ahead of Uncle Sam and giving him their dust. You've got an idea that his place is at the head of the procession—not among the lame dogs in the ditch at the side of the road.

Wherever it would seem as if this little matter of Fort William and its ten million bushel wheat shipment might be worth a second thought, if they can do such things as Saskatchewan wheat at Fort William, Canada, why can't we do as well or even better with North Dakota wheat at Duluth, U. S. A.?

Both parties are on the same Lake Superior; both have adequate docking facilities; both are reached by several railroads. As a matter of fact, Duluth is nearer North Dakota than Fort William is. So it is. And you may say that you're not called upon to get excited over things so far away as that. All right, don't get excited, then. Keep as calm as a cat under three feet of mud and six feet of salt water.

But the price of bread and wheat flour are of some interest, right here in Connecticut. And that price depends largely on the adequacy, certainty and celerity of the movement of wheat from North Dakota to the other grain-growing states to the east. If your government, through its bureaucrats, has so red-taped and muddled the railroads that they can't function efficiently, can't get capital, can't manage their own employees, can't deliver the goods, can't do extra work in unusual emergencies—then it's about time you instructed your government to get a move on these bureaucrats.

In a long chain it doesn't matter whether the weak link is right under your eyes or out of sight at the other end. If any one link breaks your whole chain is no good, regardless of which end it is at.

THE FARMER.

HENS AT STORES ARE AWAY AHEAD OF AVERAGE

The hens at Storrs are laying more eggs and there is every indication that they are out for a record-breaking year. In the third week of the contest they laid nearly 900 eggs more than the average for the last eight years and over 700 more than for the corresponding period in any previous contest. The total number of eggs for all pens was 1144 or a yield of nearly 31 per hen. The accompanying table shows the average production for previous years in percent as compared with the production for the first three weeks in the current contest.

Period	Average	1922
First Week	11.4	14.3
Second Week	15.0	22.1
Third Week	17.8	29.9

These figures seem to suggest that the management of the contest may presently have the problem of guarding against excessive production during the winter months. In other words there is probably a limit of endurance beyond which a hen cannot go.

Hollywood Farm's pen of White Leghorns from Hollywood, Washington, that won the last laying contest are off again with a bang. This pen of pullets was in first place last week with a production of 51 eggs. A Connecticut pen of White Leghorns owned by S. G. McLean of South Glastonbury was in second place with a total of 46 eggs. Two other pens of White Leghorns started by Hilltop Farm from Sumfield, Conn., and Roy H. Waite of College Park, Md., tied for third place with 45 eggs each. Two pens of White Wyandottes, both of the from Rhode Island, one owned by Frank P. Matteson of Davisville and the other by Obed G. Knight of Bridgeport, tied for fourth place with 43 eggs each.

The four leading pens in each of



The dining room is the place on Thanksgiving Day? You are going to display your art there upon the groaning table.

Such a feast deserves a wonderful setting. To add to—to complete the joy, have the Thanksgiving feast spread on the table of a beautiful new dining room suite!

You need dining room furniture this winter. Have it for Thanksgiving when your table is surrounded by guests. Combine the joy of a wonderful dinner with that of beautiful surroundings.

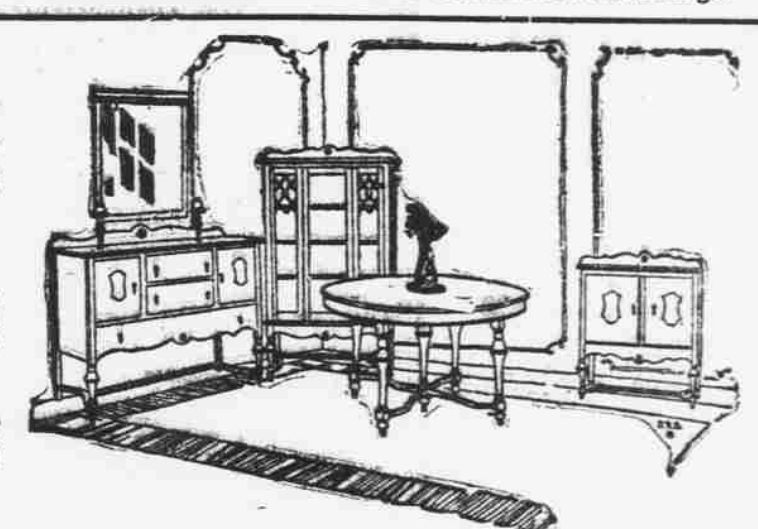
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S. Bradford Allyn (White), Belmont, Mass., 78
Lewis Farms, (Barred), Davisville, R. I., 87

White Wyandottes
Obed G. Knight, Bridgeport, R. I., 133
Frank P. Matteson, Davisville, R. I., 113
Woodbridge Orchards, Woodbridge, Conn., 106
Clemens J. Diehm, New Britain, Conn., 78
William E. Moran, Bethany, Conn., 70

Rhode Island Reds
Jacob E. Hansen, North Haven, Conn., 122
E. Newton Searies, Pomfret Center, Conn., 89
Fellows Bros., Norwich Town, Conn., 37
Harriet P. Lawton, Longmeadow, Mass., 96

White Leghorns
Roy H. White, College Park, Md., 125
Mrs. J. L. Thelms, New Haven, 119
Hollywood Farm, Marlbore, Mass., 118
Acresbridge Farm, Marlbore, Mass., 118

GALES FERRY

A special meeting of the Village Improvement Association was held Monday evening at the Country Club House, with President D. H. Povey in the chair. A report was given by Walter M. Buckingham, chairman of the street lighting committee, and it was voted that the association contract with the Eastern Connecticut Power Co. to provide lights for the village streets. President Povey was authorized to sign the contract which will be for a period of five years. The plans for the location of the lights were submitted by Mr. Buckingham. The first, calling for six lights, extending along the main street of the village from the Mathewson property to the Military Highway was accepted by a majority vote.

As illustrated Travel-Talk was given by Charles H. Brown of Norwich, in the Country Club house for the benefit of the Gales Ferry library Tuesday evening. Mr. Brown, who has travelled extensively, having crossed the ocean more than fifty times, illustrated his talk with views by stereopticon. Beginning with Panama, he journeyed to Berlin, Naples, Venice, Paris and Rome. Mr. Brown also exhibited views of New York city with local views of the park on his property at Allyn's Point. Mr. Brown then showed pictures on the screen of Noyes B. Allyn, whom he quoted as "The Grand Old Man" of Gales Ferry. This picture received much applause. Mr. Allyn is much interested in the promotion of the library and all that tends to the public good. In closing, Mr. Brown recited a selection from Shakespeare, King Henry V, talking to his lady love, Catherine. This closed an interesting programme which was well attended. Dr. Albert S. Ballou of Williamstown, Mass., was the guest of his sisters, Mrs. Harriet P. Chaddall and Mrs. Harlan A. Pierce at their homes in the village for several days the past week.

The Gales Ferry Pioneers club played

the sixth game in the series of seven games at the home of the Misses Hewitt in "Incasville," with the Uncasville Pioneers Chums on Wednesday evening. The score of the evening was 26 to 23 in favor of the Gales Ferry club, making a total score 120 to 129 in favor of the Gales Ferry club.

The trip to Uncasville was made by boat to cross the river, by some, and others went around by Norwich, in automobiles. Refreshments were served by the hostesses. The next meeting will be held at the club house here, Tuesday evening, November 29th. The score of the Gales Ferry teams follow: Bennett and Lester 6-1; Satterlee and Hurbutt, 4-3; Povey and Richards, 4-3; DeRusha and Miller, 4-3; Rogers and Main, 3-4; Lawson and Nylan 3-4; Buckingham and Parker, 2-5.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtland E. Colver of the Submarine Base attended the play, A Pair of Sixes, given in the Lyceum theatre in New London, Monday evening, presented by and for the benefit of the Woman's auxiliary of the Home Memorial hospital of that city. The auxiliary was assisted by the Submarine Base Dramatic club and the music was furnished by the Hawaiian stringed orchestra from the base, through the courtesy of Capt. Frank D. Berrien, commandant of the base.

Mrs. George Handy of East Killingly was a recent guest of his cousin, Mrs. R. Irving Hurbutt at Wood Lawn farm. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKensie and Miss Agnes Edwards of Waterford, motored to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Amos P. Main for a call Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. J. A. Birch was a caller at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Perkins at Brier Hill, Groton, Tuesday.

Rev. Duncan F. Dodd, who has recently completed six years of service in mission work for the Methodist Episcopal

pay church in Chinkiang, China, will speak on China and the work there in the M. E. church of the village, Sunday morning, Nov. 26, at 10:45 o'clock.

Walter Beckwith of New London was a caller on his uncle, Noyes B. Allyn on Wednesday.

Those interested in giving toward the Christmas cheer for the Tuberculosis hospital in Norwich, have been requested to hand their contributions to Mrs. Alice Saterlee, who has been appointed solicitor for the village the same as last year.

Mrs. Emma S. Bennett was the guest of her relatives, the Misses Davis, of Norwich on an automobile trip to Ansonia, R. I., Sunday, and was a caller at the home of Mrs. Dyon A. Maynard of that place.

Mrs. Charles H. Winchester and Mrs. J. Otis Winchester of Norwich were guests at the summer home of the latter at Perkins place, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mineva Moxley of Long Cove, moved to their new home in the village Tuesday.

C. Rhineholdt Kuester of Broad street, Groton, has purchased the place of Mr. Moxley's at Long Cove for a summer home.

Rev. Mr. Dodd and family are on a leave of absence for one year and are at their home in Shelton.

WILLINGTON

William Brown has been cured of a cancerous growth on his tongue by a cancer specialist.

There was a dance at the Bohemian hall in Davisville evening. All were in costume with masks. The social orchestra from Manchester furnished music.

Wilbert Wood has a nice flock of turkeys, raising twenty-three from the

twenty-eight hatched. He also has pure bred Rhode Island Reds and Cheshires White pigs.

Mr. Fletcher and family have returned to New York where he is employed.

Miss Vera Colman has returned from New York.

The children attending the Hill school, Mrs. Gahan, teacher, are planning to buy a Victrola.

Miss Church has sold her actor dog to Wilbert Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Morse of Mansfield Center were recent visitors in town.

Frank Burr and a party from Jewett City were guests at the Rounds home Monday and went hunting.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner of Rockville visited Miss Lucy Eldredge Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph Fox has had 160 chickens caught by foxes.

William Snyder of New York spent the week end with his sister, Mrs. Suedecor at Hillside.

Donald Reed has just entered Storrs college. He walked to the Hill Sunday.

WHY WOMEN GET DEPONDENT.
Are not women naturally as light-hearted, brave and hopeful as men? Yes, certainly; but a woman's organism is essentially different from a man's—more delicate, more sensitive and more exacting. Women in delicate health are more dependent, more sensitive, more irritable and more despondent. When a woman develops nervousness, sleeplessness, back-ache, headaches, dragging-down pains and melancholia she should lose no time in giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial, as it will quickly dispel such troubles. This root and herb medicine contains no drugs and has been the standby of American womanhood for nearly fifty years.

Feed ALL Your Hens

"One Ful-O-Pep Dry Mash Self-feeder for Every Ten Hens." Repeat that sentence over several times until you are sure you won't forget it—then see to it that you give plenty of hopper space to your hens. Just because a few of your hens lay well does not mean that all the hens have a good chance to lay. If the birds have to fight to get Ful-O-Pep Dry Mash they can't eat as much and therefore won't lay as well as if they have all the Ful-O-Pep Dry Mash they need all the time.

Feed all your hens all the time. By providing plenty of Ful-O-Pep Dry Mash self-feeders, the more timid hens will get Mash as well as the more aggressive ones. The Ful-O-Pep Way calls for Ful-O-Pep Dry Mash before these laying hens all the time—that's the plan that gets results.

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